House of Flying Daggers

Raekwon

He he he he, nobody is going to save you nowSoldiers in the front, let the heat pump
Troops on the left, fight to the death
Fam on the right, infrared lights
Wolves in the back, ready to attack
Soldiers in the front, let the heat pumpI pop off like a mobster boss
Angel hair with the lobster sauce, summertime can't top the scorch
Check my hot broad, I dropped the Porsche
F-B-I wanna watch the force, trying to lock my source
Where I'm from, hear the macs, techs, glocks and fours
Hide the safe, nigga, lock the doors
No respect for the cops and laws
In the land where your own blood brother still plot for yours
Seen things that'll drop your jaw
My soldiers got dropped in war, see the mural on the project wall?
Won't stop til I copped them all
Wanna block me? You gots to brawl, tray shots and all
Cause I ain't on the clock for talk
The Spot Rusher, blow down the spot for sure
Still break off the block with raw, my stock is more
The General, watch your boardDeep pockets with the eight on me, sleep with the safe in the wall
The cameras on with the make-up and all
Swap six 45's, twist reefer in the flicks, papi whoadie ride
Bolt his gun off, from know your horse, she lied
Fly criteria, bury me in Africa
With whips and spears, and rough diamonds out of Syria
A true don, only I could do wrong
Rock fitted hats, get crack money and drive a sick blue joint
Retard-less, I'mma blow regardless
Resume is straight up live, I shank niggas up for larger E's
And speak with the youth in the spot, eat the fresh fruit in the crop
All these hip hoppers eat cock
You can see me in the street or the yacht
I'd rather be promoting your block or buying fresh sneakers with gwops
Yo, I'm an ill dude, always been a real dude
Don't fuck around, I will spill on you and kill you in the field, booSoldiers in the front, let the heat pump
Troops on the left, fight to the death
Fam on the right, infrared lights
Wolves in the back, ready to attack, for whatSoldiers in the front, let the heat pump
Troops on the left, fight to the death

Fam on the right, infrared lights
Wolves in the back, ready to attack, for whatLeather jackets on, rocked up rock stars
Treacherous bank robbers, the plan gold up, we pop guards
The team gotta eat, seeds is hungry, that's why we ain't scared
To dump on niggas, our guns is chunky
Usually we bust niggas down with bats, swell up they joints
Elbow, wrists, they shins get cracked
We still humiliate, brutalize, Ruger pop, pulverize
Still got gear in the closet, that's stupid live
From Benetton rugby skullies, Oshkosh conductor jumpers
The train hats fit me lovely
Rae job is to make sure the coke is fluffy
While I politic his birthday bash with Puffy
Bagged Nia soon as I linked up, the kid ain't inked up
I'm an old mummy, my gold weigh as much as King Tut (yeah, yeah)
Slippers, robes is minked up, under the doo-rag, bro (uh, yo, yo)
My three dimensional fade is clean cutMan, ya niggas ain't shit to us, still a pistol bust
Split your melon like I split the Dutch
Got a lot of piff to puff, and I ain't come for fisticuffs
Or for the cop that wanna clip the cuffs
Man, is Staten in this bitch or what, don't get it twisted, we
Twist it up and even mixed with dust
See these fans can't resist the rush, they Wu-Tang for life
Scarred for life, they can't forget the cuts
Got a whole line of classic joints, and while you at it
Pass the joint, let's push this music past the point
Of no return, til they crash and burn, down the ashes
Then placed inside Ol' Dirty Bastard's urn
When it's my time to go, for sure, ya nigga goes to war
What you think I brought these soldiers for?
To send shot like forget me not, at any nigga
Respect, bitch, that figure they goin' get me gotHe he, your basic kung fu is no good
You can't move fast enough
And you don't have enough strength
And your body movements are like a string climb
It's too easy for me to trip you upHe he he, how's it feel, huh?
It's no fair, I'm afraid my back is broken
Ha ha ha, you still got a lot to learn

Songwriters
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